

proudly showing herself to her grandfather. The old grandfather laughed heartily, he loved a joke. From close by came Father Costa, and caught first Ileana and then Mariuca, kissed them, and then seated himself by his father-in-law's side. Marcu, neighbour and old friend, Mariuca's father-in-law, and attached to the house, saw the group and came to join in the conversation.

"Old man, take your hat; you must not sit there bare-headed," said the grandmother, handing his hat through the window.

One of the villagers, in passing, wished him "Good night," and added to himself, "May the Lord preserve him for many years, for he is one of God's own men."

OUT IN THE WORLD

By ION POPOVICI-BANATZEANU

The man tramping along the broad, dusty highway gradually drew near to a town. He carried a bundle on his back--some old clothes, a change of underlinen and a pair of boots--and at his breast, wrapped up in a handkerchief, were his certificate of baptism, his work-book and his book of military service--all his worldly goods.

For three years he had served the Emperor, and failing to find employment in the town where he was, with a stick in his hand and a few coppers in his pocket he had set out into the world, and walked with the steadiness of a man well acquainted with the road.

Some one had advised him to go to Lugosh; he had heard there were many craftsmen there driving a big trade, and he pursued his way with hope in his heart. He felt strong and eager to work. For three years he had not seen a workshop, for three years he had not followed the craft which he had learnt so lovingly; it seemed to him he would hardly know how to handle a hide now. Yet with each step forward his confidence in himself increased, and he thought, "I will work, and work so that every one wonders, and the peasant who takes in his hand the sandals I have tanned will never want to part with them." And when he said this to himself he walked faster. He would have liked to fly that he might arrive quicker. But then again he slackened his pace, and other thoughts assailed him: supposing he did not get a situation, what would he do then?

"Supposing I do not find work?"

He was afraid to answer this or to think of what he would do if he did not get a place. Ah, just to find work with somebody. He comforted himself, and putting away from him all sad thoughts he imagined a rosy future. He saw himself in the workshop doing the work of seven, and saving penny after penny; he saw himself buying first one skin, then two, then three, six and more, and many more, until he had a workshop of his own, and then, if he met a girl he liked, he would marry.

He was intoxicated by his own thoughts, and hardly knew where he was going. He walked slowly with his head bent. He would not rest, for he felt no fatigue; it was as though some one urged him forward.

It was late autumn, the fields were bare and the road dreary. Buffeted by the wind, the poplars along the side of the road were shedding their leaves, and sadly swaying their pointed tops.

The country lay barren and dead, while the voiceless hills were glowing in the light of the setting sun like a man who, on the point of death, tries to save himself by some final remedy. The outlines of solitary